

# ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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OFFICE, NO. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

## THE LAST VICTIM OF THE DELUGE.

BY MRS. F. P. S.

Suggested by a Picture.

"And all flesh died that moved upon the earth, all in whose nostrils was the breath of life—all that was in dry land died." Gen. 7: 21-23.

"The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose." Gen. 6: 2.

He stood alone, upon the loftiest mount  
Which human strength could reach—a mighty man  
Earth-born, yet drawing from his heavenly sire,  
Those sons of God who stooped to mortal love,  
A giant's potent arm.

Swiftly the rushing flood foretold, had come,  
And from the valleys green, and from the plains,  
And from the marble palaces, where even then  
The wicked thronged themselves in power, had fled  
The terror-stricken crowd—the mountains reigned  
With life, for man, and beast, a shelter sought  
From the avenging element.

Calmly the lion laid him down among  
Mankind, his enemies—the tiger stood  
With glittering eyes, and looked below, unheeded,  
And poisonous reptiles drew their monstrous length  
Along, amid the multitude unseen—

Terror had made them one vast brotherhood—  
There, perched on some high precipice, was one  
Whose sinews strong, an added hour of life  
Had gained; below, his friends, kinsmen,  
Stretched their feeble arms for aid, or strivings

With their destiny, in madness clung  
To some frail hold, then sank forever  
'Neath the boiling flood—and so departed  
All, till only one, of those that peopled  
Earth remained.

Foolish, as all o'er whom fiercest strife  
Of warring element, the giant spear  
With which he gained his airy hold, was held,  
And standing by a pinnacle of rock  
Which all alone, above the waste was reared,  
His majestic solitude, he watched

The far receding bark, which safely bore  
The God-protected one. The sullen clouds  
As black as night, swept o'er the laden sky—  
And the dull waters crept, insidious  
And slow, yet ever, ever curling,  
And eddying, round the lone rock's base.

The thunders roared, and crashed, and lightnings flared  
Like weapons from the armory of God,  
Quivered, and gleamed, and in their lurid light,  
The lonely dweller on the rock, paler  
And paler grew, and clung with closer grasp  
Unto his adamantine hold.

He was alone, all, all alone, the last  
On earth of all that breathed, and lived—

The eagle, with his wing that reached to Heaven,  
Tired with his lonely flight, had vainly  
Battled for companionship with him, and sank

Into the yawning deep. There was no voice,  
No sound of living thing but him, and he  
Was like the soul of dead humanity,

That brooded still above the mighty grave  
Of all that death could touch—or like some dread

Alas! lofty spirit, which had paused  
Amid his soaring flight, upon the wreck  
Of world's gaze.

"Alone, all, all alone, and upward still  
Gradually but surely—sank as death,  
The invading waters come. All, all engulfed—

My brain grows dizzy, and the cold rock  
I grasp like a mountain on my heart,

And here, this thin air, my breath comes  
Shudderingly, and faint. Adah, Zillah,

Ye whose wild eyes looked pitying on me

When I defied Omnipotence, return—

Azazel, my father, thou, bright-winged  
And proud, and beautiful, of what avail

Thy power of strength, and lofty stature  
O'er the sons of men, if o'er that godlike

Gift the very elements prevail?

Thy power was strength, and it hath been my curse—

And the great Ruler who entreated above

The windows of high heaven to his wrath  
To pour on man,—hath willed thy disobedience

Should its sequence bear. Better in mortal

Weakness to have died, and been at rest,

If that the dead may rest.

Where art thou now, my seraph-sire? O bear

Me on thy wings, to shores of light, afar,

Across the deep abyss which round my yawns.

Beside me sits a phantom, grim and dark,

And in his hands a solar dart,

For he who o'er the mighty sepulchre

On which I gaze, so long a monarch reigned

Hath now one only victim left; strike soon,

Instante one, ere man may give birth

To agony which forestalls thy task.

O God, if God there be, vainly I called

On thee ere hope had fled; inflexible

And stern wert thou, and but a deeper curse

My supplication drew. Kindred, and friends,

Zillah, Adah, why share I not your doom?

I see ye not one by one, the deep

Resistless waters, serpent-like crept up,

Nearer, and nearer yet, till hope was gone,

And bore ye from mine eyes. Thee too, Zilphah,

My own, as fair as she, whose beauty won

Were stretched for aid, thine eyes in anguish raised,

Thy voice, its tone prevails amid the thunders

Of Omnipotence, and finds its echo in my heart.

"Tis night. Darkness like that where chaos reigned

Ere earth was born, hath shrouded me again—

O world entombed, thou where so lately smiled

The revel, and the feast, had light departed

To return no more? Will the fair sun,

Never again revisit thee in joy!—

The stars upon thy loveliness, no more

In gladness shine! or back again resolved

Into thine elements, among the things

Which have been, will thou be?

Dark, dark! and the broad sheets of heaven's fire

Which glare around me now, reveal

The crowding horrors. O God, for I must own,

In this last hour, thy being and thy power,

How the dread waters near! I feel their touch

Upon my feet, their coldness on my heart."

"Twas morn. The lonely rock had disappeared,

And save the guarded ark, where Noah

Rests with his flock, under the heaven

But one vast waste of waters was spread out—

A mighty shroud compassed the earth about,

And heath its fold, beauty and strength, had found

A sudden grave.

Natchitoches, La., March, 1850.

## A BEAUTIFUL CHARACTER.

BY JUDGE MCLEAN.

In conversation, and in his general intercourse, there was a gentleness, a bearing so unassuming, so kind and meek, in Rev. Mr. Collins, and all he said was so interwoven with religion, that he preached more out of the pulpit than in it. There was a religious charm in his society that delighted the most inconsiderate, and caused them to love him. His friends lingered around him with an affection surpassing the love of man; and they who still live, can call up in their memories those delightful scenes as the

happiest hours in their history. They are, indeed; "as the memory of past joys," "sorrowful to the soul;" but they are cherished as a priceless inheritance. What part of human life is so bright, so full of hope and of real happiness, as an assemblage of persons, united by the strongest religious sympathies, watching over each other for good, and seeking an inheritance that is incorruptible! Such an association is without alloy. It is the summit of earthly enjoyment.

For the Herald and Journal.

## BENEVOLENCE.

"He that watereth, shall be watered also himself."

I have never seen anything so figurative of the above passage of Scripture, as the "fire engine" with a suction hose. Here every exertion to do good by throwing water on the burning buildings, brings through the suction hose a fresh supply to the engine.

So all we expend in truly benevolent objects, we not only lay up for ourselves in time to come, but have a present supply of all our exhausted stock as we work out. "God works in us both to will and to do." Liberality sows seed and God gives the increase; he pays men in their own measure with extra interest; there shall have "tribulation;" Christ hath told him to be of "good cheer," for he has overcome the world and prepared a way for his admission into the heavenly Jerusalem.

January, 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

## AN ESSAY

ON THE NATURE, CAUSES, AND CURE OF THE SIN OF SLANDER.

I was requested by a vote of our late Preachers' Meeting at North Haverhill, to forward the following Essay to the Herald for publication.

Yours respectfully,

G. S. DEARBORN.

Lisbon, N. H., March 25.

For the Herald and Journal.

## A DREAM.

The sincere performance of every Christian duty brings its reward with it. "In keeping the command there is great reward."

When a minister is to be supported, by giving him a liberal subscription and paying it quarterly, in advance, will do it; also, in all the benevolence in this day of improvement, such as the Bible, Missionary, Tract, Sunday School, and Temperance Societies, where there is a free will offering to assist, the good Lord will cause the waters of life to flow into the soul, and it will be a "well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Any attempt to mislead another in relation to the character, opinions or motives of a third person is slander. And it is not necessary that this should be the result of outright malice. The injury inflicted must have some relation to the sufferer, and cannot be measured in its influence by the motives from which it may have proceeded. If we traduce another carelessly, it proves the absence of that "good will to man," which is compatible with Christian character, and without which Christianity cannot consist. The rule which God has adopted to regulate man is, that he "love his neighbor as himself," and whoever acts carelessly in such a way as to depreciate the happiness or usefulness of another, violates it; for he is not allowed to act without due consideration. Having perhaps spent sufficient time in discussing the nature of this sin, we shall now inquire after some of its causes.

One very prominent cause of slander originates in an undue desire to gratify the *marvelous*. This is especially true of the "yankee nation," in which the curious and marvellous predominate. Several persons are brought together into one circle and engage in social conversation.

The object of the meeting may perhaps be no higher than to "tell or hear some new thing." Not being sufficiently educated and refined to have a taste for the arts and sciences, the various phenomena of nature around them of course present but few attractions, and will not be taken up as subjects of remark. Neither will philanthropy and benevolence be likely to occupy the attention of such a circle to any great extent. After words enough have been spent on the weather, the season, health, fashions, &c., some absent person becomes the topic of conversation; and the transition from *things* to *men* is very natural. Some person is introduced who has taken an erratic course in the community; or perchance some stranger who has lately arrived, may be referred to incidentally or designately; then the work of speculating and philosophizing has commenced, and it will end in slander.

A starts an inquiry; B makes a statement;

C reconciles the two, and utters a surmise,

While D clothes the whole with the garb of fact;

and thus the work goes on—the man is in the hopper, and will never come out till thoroughly ground.

A statement is often made partially true, and partially false, for the purpose of eliciting something farther concerning an individual; to this statement something is intentionally or unintentionally added; and the story as completed, is a slander of the darkest dye. Another cause of slander now one only victim left; strike soon,

Instante one, ere man may give birth

To agony which forestalls thy task.

O God, if God there be, vainly I called

On thee ere hope had fled; inflexible

And stern wert thou, and but a deeper curse

My supplication drew. Kindred, and friends,

Zillah, Adah, why share I not your doom?

I see ye not one by one, the deep

Resistless waters, serpent-like crept up,

Nearer, and nearer yet, till hope was gone,

And bore ye from mine eyes. Thee too, Zilphah,

My own, as fair as she, whose beauty won

Were stretched for aid, thine eyes in anguish raised,

And I thought that it was to be my abode.

Tremblingly I asked him therefore. Because,

said he, of your sinfulness and obstinacy. I

asked him if there was no possibility of escape.

Said he, not through Jesus. I was over-

whelmed with joy at the thought that there was

any way by which I might avoid being thrown

into this awful place. I asked him if he would

show me the way to heaven. He said, if I

would follow him he would, though I was a

"great way off."

We were about starting, when the most horri-

ble forms that can be imagined, and one more

terrible than the rest, rose up before us of

that dark abyss, and uttered the most hideous

cries and piercing shrieks of agony and misery

that can possibly be conceived. Then I knew

that that was hell, and O I longed to escape it.



SLAVERY IN TEXAS.

The Tribune contains a letter from a citizen of Texas which confirms the opinion that a decided majority of the people of that State are really opposed to the continuance of slavery. He states that in most of the counties the slaves constitute a very inconsiderable portion of the population, being in many as one to five, and in several as one to eight. In 1847, the total population was 142,009, of whom only 38,753 were slaves. Of the 22,000 electors, he thinks not much above one-fourth are slaveholders. He is of opinion, too, that the difference between slaves and freemen is much greater than that reported by the authorities. He has little doubt that the majority of the people, if stimulated to think and reason upon the subject, would decide in favor of gradual emancipation. The course of the ultra's in the South in urging disunion, may precipitate emancipation, as he continues, "should that decided alternative be presented to the non-slaveholding people of Texas, of choosing Union without slavery, or secession, anarchy and bloodshed with it, they will not hesitate in the choice; and the white banner of universal freedom will flutter sides by side over her broad prairies, with stars and stripes emblem at once of Union and Liberty, one and indivisible."

SLAVERY CANNOT ENTER.

This is said often and emphatically of our new territories. But as we lately showed it is untrue in respect to New Mexico, and correspondents of Western papers affirm that it is also in regard to Deseret. A correspondent of the New Orleans Crescent, writing from Salt Lake, gives some account of the Mormons, and in the course of his letter says: "There is a great number of settlers from Alabama and Mississippi, who have come to this place with their negroes, and hold them here as we did formerly."

The Wilmett Proviso is the only protection of these vast regions from the blight of slavery. Our statesmen in Congress, it seems to us, cannot doubt the fact; they wish it otherwise, and hope it may turn out otherwise, and on such a contingency they would compromise the safety of freedom for peace with the South.

WESLEYANS IN FRANCE.—The Wesleyan Methodists have, in France, 48 places 78; missionaries 24; Sabbath School teachers 115; local preachers 39; full members 950; Sabbath School scholars 1,099; attendants on public worship 6,160.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.—The number of students at the present time is 327, of whom all but 57 reside in Virginia. In spite of the intentions and efforts of Mr. Jefferson, this university has come under a most Christian influence, and is greatly prosperous.

THE BEAUTIES OF HIGH CHURCHISM.—The Duke of Northumberland is so rigid in his observance of Lent that he issued an order closing his parks to the public on Ash Wednesday, and the other Wednesdays of Lent, and yet permits them to be open on Sundays!

POPEY AND FREEDOM.—Since the restoration of priestly rule, or rather *misrule* in Rome, it is said that the Cardinal Triumvirate have sent into exile one-fourth part of the entire population!

PROVIDENCE CONFERENCE.—Introduction of Visitors—Appointment of Committees—Resolutions on the Death of Rev. E. Dodge—Personal Recollections of his Character.

Providence, April 4.

DEAR BRO. STEVENS.—The Providence Conference commenced its annual session in this place yesterday. We were called to order by Bishop Morris, at 9 o'clock, who, with Bros. Kent, Webb and Bates, led us in addressing the throne of grace. There is a general attendance of the members of our Conference, and we are favored with the presence of a good share of visiting brethren. Yesterday the Bishop introduced Bros. Edwards, of the Book Concern, Hobart, of the Maine, and Crandall, Kilburn and Co., of the New England Conferences; also, the Rev. Dr. Cleaveland, of the Congregational Church in this place. To-day were introduced Bros. Hannaford, of the New England, Kidder, of the New Jersey, Hoyt and Crawford, of the East New York and Griswold, of the New York Conferences. At our first session were appointed

THE USUAL COMMITTEES.

On Preaching—the preachers stationed in this city and the Presiding Elder of the District. The Conference Stewards—Paul Townsend, John W. Case and Paul T. Kenney. To take into consideration the wants of superannuated preachers, their widows and orphans, and report a plan for their relief—B. Othman, D. Patten, J. W. Case, S. Benton, J. D. Butler and J. B. Husted. On the Bible Cause—J. B. Husted, S. W.Coggeshall and Lawton Cady. On Slavery—Wm. Livesey, F. Upham, C. M. Munger, A. Stevens and W. Allen. On our benevolent operations, and to designate the taking up of conference collections—S. Dean, A. B. Wheeler and Wm. H. Richards. On the Biblical Institute—John Livesey, Jr. To publish the Minutes—Samuel C. Brown, M. J. Talbot, Jr. and A. Palmer. On the Preachers Aid Society, to receive the funds for the superannuated preachers, and to disburse according to the instructions at last Conference—Charles H. Titus and Preston Bennett. On Missions—Thomas Ely, Wm. T. Harlow and Ernestus Benton. On Sabbath Schools—H. C. Atwater, A. B. Wheeler and James Mather. On Education—A. Stevens, R. Alynn, R. M. Hattie, S. Dean and H. Baylies, (since added) David Patten, Jr., H. C. Atwater and J. B. Gould. On the Peace Cause—J. D. Butler, S. W. Coggeshall and S. Beadle.

During our session this morning, the editor of Zion's Herald offered the following resolutions upon a subject that deeply moved all our hearts, and will as keenly move thousands in and out of our church throughout New England. I refer to the death of Rev. Enoch Mudge.

Whereas, It has pleased God to take himself our beloved and beloved brother, Rev. Enoch Mudge, distinguished among us by his eminent piety and the peculiar distinction of being the first native Methodist preacher raised up in New England, therefore,

Resolved, That this Conference enter into deep veneration the memory of the devout character and long service of our departed brother—a character which combined the excellencies of a saint and a statesman, and the devoted minister of Christ, and services which have extended through most of our denominational history in the Eastern States.

Resolved, That we tender to his family the assurances of our Christian sympathy and condolence.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to our widowed sister Mudge and the family.

W. M. C. BROWN.

Religious Summary.

ANOTHER DEFECTIION TO ROME.—We learn that Rev. G. L. Roberts, who has been officiating as Deacon on the Episcopalian Church in Vincennes, Indiana, for sometime, has united, or is about to unite, with the Church of Rome. Quite a sharp correspondence between him and Bishop Updell, has been published, in which the Bishop made some concessions, which gave the ex-Deacon great advantages. It is hard for an advocate of Apostolical succession, as held by Prelatists, to stand against the advocates of Romanism in a contest.

THE VETOED BILL.—The veto of the Ex-Deacon has been lifted by the Legislature of Indiana, and the bill is now to be passed.

THE OLDEST MAN EVER IMMERSED.—The editor of the *Indian Advocate* says: "We once had a candidate for immersing a candidate whose age was one hundred and twenty years! We think that this is most likely the only instance of immersion at so great an age, that has ever occurred."

CAMPBELLITES IN BOSTON.—Boston has added a Campbellite organization to its already numerous sects. The Virginia Christian Intelligencer, a paper advocating the views of Mr. Campbell, says: "We are requested by Bro. Francis D. Duncan, of Baltimore, who has lately visited them, to make known to the brotherhood, that there is a small congregation of Disciples in Boston, who meet regularly every Lord's-day, for worship, in a Hall over No. 296, Washington Street.

CHINESE BIBLE.—The translation of the New Testament in Chinese is proceeding at the rate of 30 versions a day, and it is hoped will be completed this year. The missionaries, as they proceed, insert every new word in a vocabulary.

PROVIDENCE, April 5.

I had intended to send you to-day the list of those on trial, continued, ordained, &c., but those questions are as yet incomplete. Our business progresses harmoniously, though not with great rapidity. The religious meetings I have had the privilege of attending have been preached in their simple aim to glorify God and benefit man. This afternoon the service commemorative of the death of Bro. Mudge was of a highly interesting character. Bro. Kent referring particularly to the labors of the deceased, and Bro. Fillmore giving the delineation of his charac-

ter. The last was indeed a rich theme; for however interesting in events, in relative importance, and in consequence, may have been the life of the first New England Methodist itinerant, his personal history, his character, the picture of the man, is the broader field. A character so unique, one cannot expect to meet but few such in a long life. Glowing was the description given, worthy of the man who gave it, making a deep impression on the audience, and yet but barely true.

One fact in Divine Providence is worthy of our attention, that he who for ages to come will be remembered as the first New England Methodist preacher, was emphatically the development of the perfect man, and he died in a good old age—a life worthy of imitation, a death certainly to be desired.

This evening our Sabbath School Anniversary was held in Chestnut St. Church. Bros. M. J. Talbot, D. Wise and A. Stevens gave us very interesting addresses, though Bro. Wise was necessarily very short—he was the last speaker.

Yours, S. FOX.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

Death of Mr. Calhoun—His Early Life—Subsequent Career—The Peace Movement.

Washington, D. C., April 1.

BRO. STEVENS.—This city was started yesterday morning by the announcement that the Hon. John C. Calhoun was dead; although he has been sick for a long time, still his death was sudden. He died at half-past one in the morning with great calmness and a firm peace in the blood of atonement; he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and whatever may have been his errors, it is hoped he sleeps in Jesus. He was attended by his son, (Mrs. C. was not present,) by Hon. Mr. Venable, of North Carolina, and other friends. Thus closes the last chapter in the life of a statesman who has filled a large place in the country's history, in the various capacities of Representative in Congress, Secretary of War, Vice-President and Senator.

He was born in Alleville District, S. C., March 18, 1782, and was, therefore, sixty-eight years and thirteen days when he died. His family were Irish on both sides. Mr. Calhoun did not commence his education until nineteen years of age; in two years he prepared himself and entered Yale College, where he distinguished himself and graduated with honor in 1804.

At the time he left college Dr. Dwight said, "that young man had talent enough to be President of the United States," and predicted that he would fill that office. He studied law in Litchfield Co., Conn., and in Charlestown. His subsequent career is identical with the history of the country; perhaps the most important act of his life was his connection with the division of the M. E. Church; it is now a known fact that he was consulted and advised in the matter.

This morning, both Houses adjourned after his death had been announced in the Senate by his colleague, Mr. Butler, and remarks by Messrs. Clay, Webster and Rush, and Messrs. Holmes, Winthrop and Venable in the House.

He had had interviews with a large number of members of both Houses on the subject of peace, and have been most cordially received. Among others, Henry Clay said distinctly, "I would apply to the Executive, and if failed there, I would apply direct to Congress." This we have decided on doing, and shall have an interview with the Executive to-morrow. We strongly hope we may get one of the Government ships to take our delegation to Frankfort next summer. We have seen quite a number of members of Congress who will go themselves. But enough for to-day.

Yours truly, E. W. J.

A NEW COMMENTARY.

I am greatly pleased with the suggestion of a correspondent of the Herald, whose communication, signed "Plebeian," appeared in the last number. I have, for a long time felt the want of a Commentary on the Scriptures, containing only what is useful to the great mass of Christians. The idea of an Exegetical Commentary is the true idea. If "practical observations" should be admitted, they would not only swell the work to an inconvenient size, but make it too expensive for the common people. Nor are they needed, as formerly, for in this matter, we have, in the way of sermons and religious books, "line upon line." All critical and philosophical notes may be omitted, for they are needed only, chiefly by clergymen. Let us, then, have a Commentary for the laity. Such a Commentary should have, as an introduction, condensed chapters on the following subjects—

1. On the History of the Bible. 2. On the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Bible. 3. On Biblical Geography and Antiquities.

It should have, at least, also, a good map of Palestine, and another embracing all the places mentioned in the Scriptures.

Particular attention should be given in the comments to obscure passages, and to the reconciliation of apocryphal and spurious to the contradictory.

The text should be arranged on the admirable plan of Townsend's Historical and Chronological Bible. We have now published at our Book Room, the best books of Bible Questions, and a number of volumes of Notes intended to accompany them, ever published. They are adjusted on the plan of Townsend's Arrangement. I

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The text should be arranged on the admirable plan of Townsend's Arrangement for the ensuing year, and I had the pleasure of announcing a surplus of nearly two and a half millions, still the manner in which our surplus has been disposed of, is said to be anything but satisfactory to the country. Ministers are said to have argued strongly for the same.

Mr. Webster said, he had no fears of dissolution, and reminded Mr. Foote of his famous prophecy—California would not only be disposed of, like any other question, simply by a vote, and not, whatever the delay and opposition was. There was no necessity for alarm.

Mr. Foote rejoined.

Mr. Shields agreed fully with Mr. Webster, and took the floor for to-morrow. Adjourned.

A large fire occurred at Chagres on the evening of March 23, by which the most of the old town of Chagres was consumed. Much property was lost by the natives.

Mr. Bayley brings despatches from Mr. Van Allen, Charge at Guayaquil, to the Secretary of State announcing the breaking out of a revolution at Guayaquil, on the frontier of the Alava California.

The steamship Cherokee arrived this morning from Frankfort, having been sent to the United States to examine the progress of the revolution in California.

She has one million fifty-three thousand seven hundred and eighty-three dollars in gold.

The Cherokee brings the mails from San Francisco to March 1. The letter mail contains 30,000 letters.

The steamer Cherokee had not arrived when the Cherokee left Chagres, and fears were entertained of her safety, as she was several days overdue.

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The

## For the Herald and Journal.

## HYPO.

Where's the doctor who can find  
A medicine for the restless mind,  
Or with his pills and nostrums bind  
That viewless monster, Hypo.

In vain physicians boast their skill  
To cure the sum of human ill,  
The sufferer they indeed may kill  
But cannot kill the Hypo.

None can define it; none can tell  
Its cause; and no man can dispel  
They hateful, dreaded, potent spell,  
O soul-corroding Hypo!

They power is absolute; in vain  
Man boasts his prowess to restrain  
They course, or break thy iron chain—  
He is thy victim, Hypo.

They nameless terrors often steal  
Around fair woman's heart; to feel  
They torments, yet the curse conceal,  
Is her allotment, Hypo.

'Tis passing strange but it is true,  
They turn blockheads never view;  
The sensitive and gifted few  
Bow to thy sceptre, Hypo.

In twilight hours when golden rays  
Of beauty close the summer days,  
And Hope's bright trusting vision plays  
Around the coming morrow:

'Tis then thy sad influence flings  
A shadow o'er earth's loveliest things,  
And with it dark foreboding brings  
Of future woe and sorrow.

Around the cheerful winter hearth,  
The right scene of social mirth,  
A demon steals. A blighting dearth  
Attends thy coming, Hypo.

When sickness pales the glowing cheek,  
When spirit fails and flesh grows weak,  
Thy conquests then, what tongue can speak  
And tell the number, Hypo?

Tis not enough that racing pain  
And torture in the body reign,  
But thou must drive the mind insane,  
O baneful, cruel Hypo!

O are there none, or small, or great,  
Who can the woes alleviate,  
Or from their prison liberate  
The captives of this Hypo?

HARMONY.  
Hebron, Conn.

THOMAS MORRILL, of Winham, died in East Raymond, Me., at the residence of his son Wm. Morrill, Jan. 23, aged 80 years and 2 months. He professed religion and was received into the M. E. Church by Rev. Caleb Fogg, thirty years ago; he maintained his relation with firm trust in God, and felt willing to leave all and go to rest. S. W. PEARCE. Harrison, Me., March 27.

Bro. ERASTUS RICKER died in Corinth, Me., Dec. 26, aged 40 years. He had been for many years a consistent Christian and a warm friend of Methodism. His end was peace.

CAROLINE D. HUNTING died in Coventry, Feb. 16, aged 24 years. Her situation and associations in life were such as to clothe the future with brightness; yet she cheerfully gave up all, and we doubt not has made a happy exchange.

Mrs. NANCY HALEY died in Corinth, Feb. 19, aged 33 years. Sister Haley had for many years been a firm and consistent Methodist. Though surrounded with many cares, the wearied and toil-worn preacher ever met from her a cheerful welcome. She has left deeply bereaved companion and seven little children to mourn her sudden departure. She died as the righteous only can die.

Sister ABIGAIL WHEELER died in Corinth, Feb. 20, aged 65 years. The church has lost a worthy and faithful member, and the community a friend who was ever found ready to attend the calls of the sick and afflicted. Her sufferings were acute, but she met them without murmuring. Sweetly she fell asleep in Jesus. "Surely our people die well."

S. F. WETHERBEE. Corinth, Me., March 25.

Deacon TUFTON MASON died in Tamworth, N. H., Jan. 28, aged 83 years. For many years he has been a "burning and shining light," loving God, holiness and Christians of every name. Our preachers and church, his widow, children and community will hear his voice in fervent prayer and praise no more, but we mourn not as those who have no hope. He rests, and friends and people hope so to live and labor that they may rest with him.

JONATHAN BROWN died in Tuftonboro', N. H., March 11, aged 79 years and 6 months. For many years Father B. enjoyed the blessings of religion, which gave him support and comfort under various trials. He dearly loved God's ministers and people, the voice of prayer and praise he highly prized, and who can doubt he rests in peace.

D. W. BARBER.  
Moultonboro', N. H., March 28.

Mrs. MARY LEIGHTON, wife of Mr. Daniel Leighton, died in Falmouth, Me., Feb. 17, aged 64 years. Twenty-four years she was a member of the M. E. Church. Her sickness was short; she died committing her spirit to the Lord Jesus—triumphantly she passed from time to eternity. Peace to her memory.

ISAAC LORD.  
West Cumberland, March 25.

Mr. JONATHAN MAKEPEACE died in Saugus, Mass., Feb. 8, in the 76th year of his age. Bro. Makepeace was held in high esteem in the vicinity where he resided. He filled important offices in the towns of Lynn and Saugus several years; was delegate to the State Convention for the amendment of the Constitution. And in the discharge of all his public and social duties he secured a very high reputation both as a citizen and a Christian. For more than thirty years he was a member of the M. E. Church, and a consistent, conscientious Christian, discharging his duty to God and his fellow-men. Too much cannot be said in his praise, but his record is on high.

W. M. MANN.  
Saugus, March, 1850.

Sister CYNTHIA PRESBREY, about five months previous to her decease connected herself with the M. E. Church on probation her self. Since that time she has been ripening for the "better land." Friday, March 15, death appeared to be performing the fatal work. I visited her bed-side on Saturday, and with pleasure witnessed the blessedness of religion to the soul that has no other hope. Dur-

ing a part of the winter the adversary perplexed her mind occasionally, but now all was "perfectly peaceful." Being asked if she had supposed the Christian could be sustained thus and die so triumphant? she replied, "No; I have feared I should not have dying grace." She expressed her feelings in the sentiment of the poet,

"Weep not, my friend."

Again, "I am going to rest." Her companion was requested to convey the intelligence to her associates at Monson, that she was going home to heaven. Sabbath eve a convoy of angels came to that sacred spot and conducted her soul to realms above, leaving the seal of bliss upon her countenance.

JOHN F. SHEFFIELD.  
South Coventry, March, 1850.

SARAH MARIA STONE, wife of Doras L. Stone, and daughter of Louisa Macalpine, died in Springfield, Mass., Feb. 27, aged 23 years. She possessed qualities that rendered her a blessing to society, and peculiarly dear to those who knew her. On the morning of the 24th she was attacked with bilious colic, and after a sickness of seventy-two hours—hours for the most part of extreme agony—she fell asleep in the arms of Jesus, gently.

"As sinks the gale when storms are o'er."

I. A. SAVAGE.  
Springfield, March 8.

SISTER CAROLINE A. PERLEY died in Hallowell, Me., Feb. 9, aged 39 years. She was converted in the year 1835 and joined the M. E. Church, of which she has been a worthy member. Her sickness was consumption. She was triumphant in death. She had such raptures of joy that she often exclaimed that she could see Jesus and an innumerable company that no man could number, and often requested those around her bedside to sing.

"When I am dying hear me cry,  
Give me Jesus;"

and often repeated, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and staff comfort me." Her crowning excellence was her piety.

Mrs. SARAH J. HOWARD, wife of Bro. A. H. Howard, died in Hallowell, Me., Feb. 13. She has been for many years a member of the M. E. Church and a consistent Christian; her love was ardent for Christ and the church. Her sickness was consumption; she was patient, happy and triumphant until death. The church will long remember her loss, for she was beloved by all that were acquainted with her; she has left a kind and affectionate husband and five children to mourn their loss. May the Lord sanctify this affliction to their good.

BENJ. FOSTER.

For the Herald and Journal.  
THE VIOLET.

BY J. R. G.

Who made this flower? I saw a bright eyed boy,  
As he dropped from his hand a simple toy:  
And grasping a violet, modest and blue,  
He quick to his mother in ecstasy flew.

Who made it, mother? and the mild blue eye  
Would which the hue of the floweret vie,  
Was raised with a wondering, artless grace,  
To the calm, sweet smile on the parent's face.

Who made it, my child? Did he paint it too  
With such beautiful shades of purple and blue?  
How could he do it? and twirling it round,  
The petals broke off and fell to the ground.

And away run the questioner, lovely and free,  
In his childish prattle and innocent glee—  
But the eye of the mother was bent on the flower  
That had blossomed but to wither in one brief hour.

And the perfume that from the leaflets stole,  
Bore a lesson, and graved it deep on her soul,  
With as pure emotion that lesson was fraught  
As e'er was breathed forth by a poet taught.

And she planted a geria in the dear child's heart,  
The seed was not culled from science or art—  
And she watered it with coups of love  
And it bore fruit meet for the seraphs above.

When years had sped, fond memory would soar  
To that bright spring-morn in days of yore,  
When the tiny hand clasped the violet blue,  
And lisped, O! mother! who made it—who?

Boston, March 20, 1850.

For the Herald and Journal.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

In a pleasant village in New Hampshire, a few miles from the sea-shore, there lived, some twenty years ago, a family, consisting of pious parents and ten happy, promising children. The mother felt the weight of her responsibility to extend beyond the mere external appearance and temporal interests of her children. The casket so dear to her, she knew contained a jewel of inestimable value, which by her care, with the blessing of God, might be made pure and bright to grace the Redeemer's crown. The children were impulsive and often wayward; then, more than ever, did she strive to follow the injunction of Holy Writ: Teach them, as you rise up and as you sit down, as you go out and come in, in the way of the Lord.

She felt her duty was not performed unless it was line upon line and precept upon precept. However busily she might be engaged in her daily labor, she made it a constant practice, from the first dawning of reason, to improve every circumstance, however trivial, to impress some moral or religious lesson upon their minds.

She felt it to be of great importance to keep them employed, and usually contrived to combine amusement and labor. The frequent absence of her husband from home increased her cares, yet she happily succeeded in causing each child delight in sharing an active part in her care and labor. Many of her neighbors thought her peculiar in her notions of discipline, &c., though at the same time they esteemed her a model wife and mother. With her own hands she spun and wove nearly all the wearing articles for her family, which, united with household farm-work and care, and often the instruction of her children, (for there good schools in those days were few and far between) broke down her constitution.

At the time my story commences her wasted form, hollow cough and sunken face, too plainly told the sad story. God, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind, was calling her home.

She had toiled long and weary,  
He knew she needed rest.

She felt she must soon leave those cherished ones, and at the period when they peculiarly needed a mother's care. One only had given an evidence of being a child of God. God only knows how agonizing then were those Christian mother's pleadings!

While she was daily growing weaker, a near and dear friend, from a distant city, came to visit her. After many struggles between duty and inclination, the self-sacrificing mother consented to the entreaties of her friend to take her youngest daughter, but four years of age, home

with her, to supply a mother's place as well as she might be able. A few months elapsed after her departure; she yearned once more to see her child. She came—with all the eager fondness and gaiety of childhood, to return—with an impression upon her susceptible mind never to be effaced.

On the morning of her departure, while her father was preparing to take her with her kind friend to the stage-office, the chastened mother, with tottering steps, led her little ones up the stairs she had not ventured to ascend for many weeks, and kneeling down by her with an old chest, committed her for the last time to her Father. The words, the voice, the soft hand upon her head, have been a talisman through all the temptations of childhood and youth.

The mother now prepared for her speedy departure from earth with perfect composure. She expressed her last wishes to her sorrowing husband, children and friends, and sent her work done. Her death was triumphant. With these words upon her tremulous lips, "O, had wings like a dove, I would fly away and be at rest," she ceased to breathe. The devoted, now aged father, is still spared in mercy. The children,

Who played beneath the same green tree,  
Whose voices mingled as they knelt  
Around one parent knee,

are now scattered over the earth. All, save two, have "a good hope through grace" of being united with their sainted mother in heaven, whose hallowed influence follows their pathway below.

Two are deprived of the sacred office of the ministry in consequence of ill health, and are in spheres of great usefulness at the South. One went as a missionary to the Choctaws, another in the same capacity in India, where it is feared she must very soon find repose, and the youngest daughter became the wife of a Methodist itinerant. The prayers of father and children cluster around the remaining two.

One word of appeal to mothers—to Christian mothers. Think you, if you were as faithful in the moral and religious training of your children as was this mother, there would be as many wanton, impious youth? Look not for success in your own strength, but humbly, fearing divine aid!

Although you may often "sow in tears," yet fear not; for if not in this world, you will when the cold soads are heaped upon your breast, "reap in joy."

O, if this may be so;  
Speed, speed thou closing day;  
How sweet, from earth's vain show  
To pass away.

## CHILDREN.

For the Herald and Journal.

HAPPY DEATH OF A CHILD.

Lavinia B. B. Ryerson, the youngest child of Bro. Ebenezer and sister Mary Ryerson, of this city, triumphantly closed her short probation on Sabbath, March 3, at the age of 8 years 4 1/2 months.

Being a child of pious parents she enjoyed the inestimable privilege of religious instruction; which, with Divine aid led her to him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Lavinia was amiable and lovely while in health; but when her physical powers were prostrated by that dreadful disease, the erown, her immortal mind possessed unusual vigor, and, as she approached the world of spirits, she gave convincing evidence to all who saw her, that true religion will remove from a child the fear of death, and enable the youngest Christian to bid a hearty welcome to the messenger that makes skeptics tremble.

The writer has been a stammerer from his childhood; in his own experience he has studied the subject closely and patiently; and he has endeavored to avail himself of whatever light science has afforded; he has visited different institutions devoted exclusively to the subject, spending months in daily attendance at them, has become familiar, not only with the professors, but with a large circle of intelligent pupils who had resorted thither, witnessing the different modifications of the affection in their various cases. He has also noticed the many empirical methods of cure of which the age is so fruitful; and he has long been convinced that such empirics are grossly ignorant of the whole subject; alike unacquainted with the seat of the disease, the medium of its operation, the circumstances which affect, or the influences that make skeptics tremble.

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During the last forty years many systems for the cure of stammering have been put forth, and (like patent medicines) each has been sustained by valid certificates; and each in its turn has been denounced by its successor as utterly worthless. Aside from those, there is scarcely a name of a stammerer may not meet with some wise one who will put him in a way to overcome his difficulty as easily as to rid him of a troublesome corn.

Stammerers as a class are very sensitive, some painfully so; were they less so, there would be less difficulty in their case: to such things are they exceedingly annoying. They receive this officiousness, either as a direct reflection on their intelligence, or a presumption of their stupid insensibility to their misfortune. None are alive to the sufferings of the stammerer as they themselves are, and none appreciate their deprivation as they do; the unfortunate may one after nobly and vainly struggling in his misery, but to his successor, as utterly worthless. Aside from those, there is scarcely a name of a stammerer may not meet with some wise one who will put him in a way to overcome his difficulty as easily as to rid him of a troublesome corn.

The writer is perfectly convinced, that, in most instances, this habit may be easily arrested in early childhood; he remembers the period in his own case when it might have been done with ease; and it is with the most painful sensations that he ever beholds a fair young child growing up a stammerer. So fully was he satisfied of this, that he very soon discerned in his first-born the sure symptoms of stammering. The disease was easily and wholly eradicated without leaving its slightest trace; and arrived at manhood his enunciation is more free and easy than is common: a daughter and younger sister gave indications of the same disorder, and in each case it was as completely annihilated.

There are various expedients to which stammerers resort for temporary relief; that of a motion of the body, or some member of it, is the most usual; by that method the spasm is overcome. The idea of "tapping" and of rhythmical movement is nothing new, nor is it at all efficient except as a relief; of itself it effects no cure—many years since it was practised in the institutions in Phil-

adelphia as an exercise in vocal gymnastics, but only as a small part of a system. In the most successful institution with which I have been acquainted, that, with everything of the kind, was strictly prohibited as feeding the disorder; and indeed there are many cases in the stammerer's experience where it affords no relief at all. Many do not understand why a stammerer can speak fluently when alone, or under some circumstances, while at other times he can with difficulty articulate a syllable: the cause is found in the nature of the disease. The same may be said of their ability to sing: in singing there are many concurring circumstances in his favor, which almost preclude the possibility of stammering, none of which occur in ordinary conversation.

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## THE WILMOT PROVISO.

Ordinance of 1787—Act of Congress of 1789.

It is of some importance that the people should have correct information on all subjects where their interests are concerned